There is no Normal

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From a distance, it's hard to tell
But up closer, the distinction should be easier

It's not, for in the cities, the suburbs
And the picturesque towns
Beneath blue skies and gray
Behind all the trappings
The important, busy job, the family's quiet hearth

There is no normal, no perfect
Just us, all the people struggling
Trying to make sense of their lives
And to find their own way

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